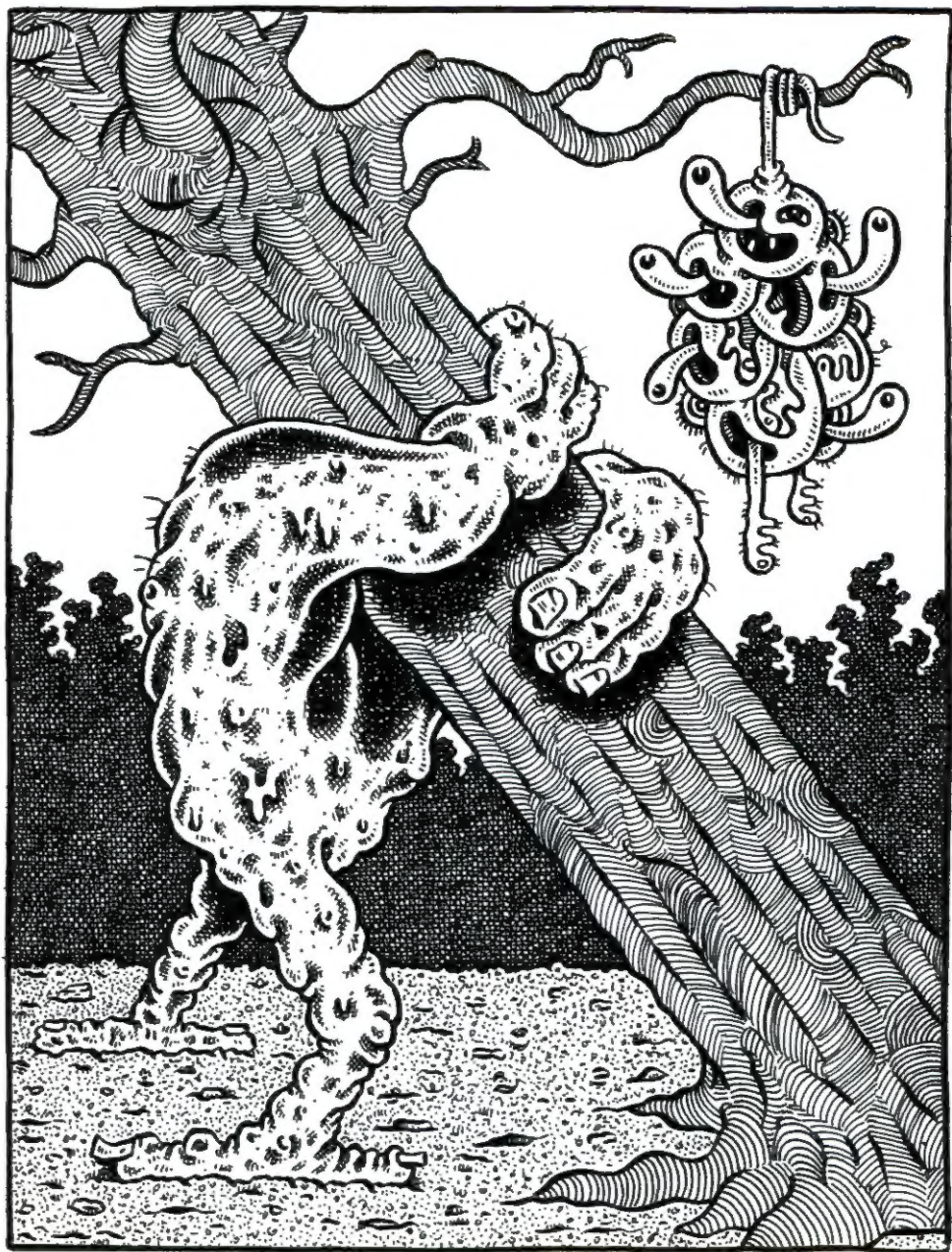
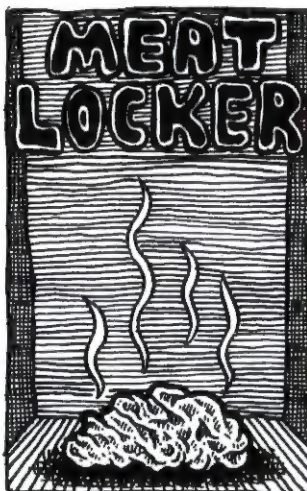


ANDROS

NUMBER SIX

TWO DOLLARS





I HATED LOCKERS AS MUCH AS HIGH SCHOOL ITSELF.

ONLY PREPS, JOCKS AND GIMPS USE LOCKERS!



BUT THEY DID COME IN USEFUL SOMETIMES.

I'LL SHOW THOSE HAPPY FUCKERS!



I TOOK A LUMP OF RAWGROUND BEEF AND STOWED IT IN MY EMPTY LOCKER.

I HOPE MOM DOESN'T WANNA MAKE SPAGHETTI TONIGHT!



BY THE END OF THE WEEK THE ENTIRE HALLWAY WAS FOUL.



IT WAS ESPECIALLY ROUGH FOR THE TENANT BELOW ME. (A REALLY NICE GIRL I HAD KNOWN SINCE I WAS FIVE.)



MONTHS LATER ON THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL...

YOUR GRADES WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL YOUR LOCKERS HAVE BEEN GLEANED AND INSPECTED!



IT WAS PRETTY GRIM.



M. CLOTFELTER.

JULIE SAT NEXT TO ME IN THE BACK OF 11TH GRADE ENGLISH.



SHE ALWAYS GOT SLEEPY AFTER LUNCH BECAUSE THAT WAS WHEN SHE SAW THE NURSE FOR HER MEDS.



WE TALKED A LITTLE BIT AND FOUND OUT WE HAD SOMETHING IN COMMON.



THEN ONE DAY AFTER LUNCH...



OH COME ON! WE'LL GO TO MY PLACE! MY DAD WON'T BE HOME UNTIL 5.

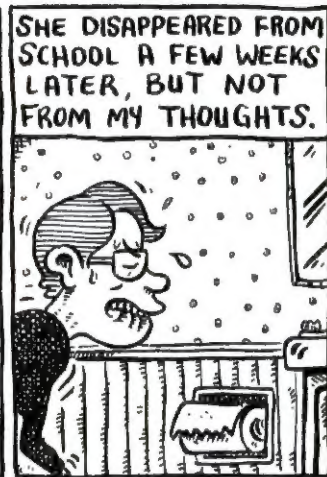
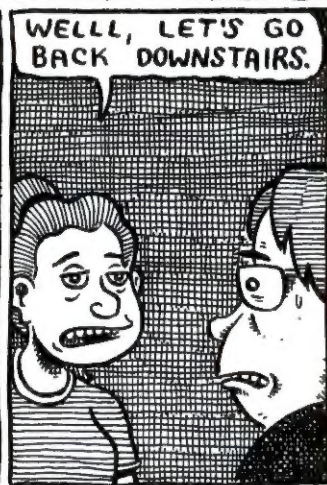


SO, WHEN DID YOU AND YOUR DAD MOVE TO MARIETTA?



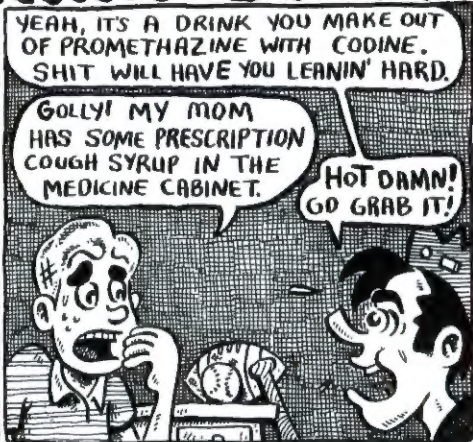
I HAD TO MOVE IN WITH HIM TWO MONTHS AGO AFTER MY STEPFATHER MOLESTED ME.





m. cloffier

Archie Drinks Drank



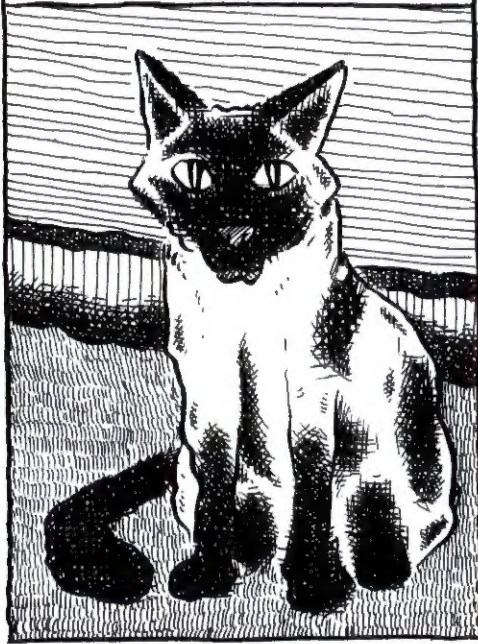
M.C. '13

1990

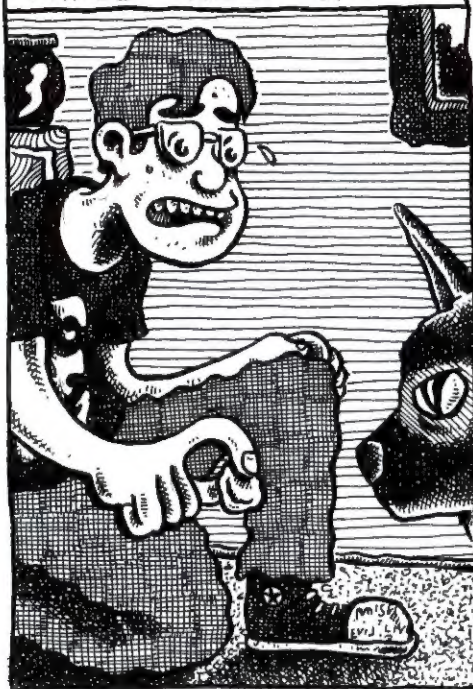
WHEN ONE OF MY
MOM'S BOYFRIENDS DIED



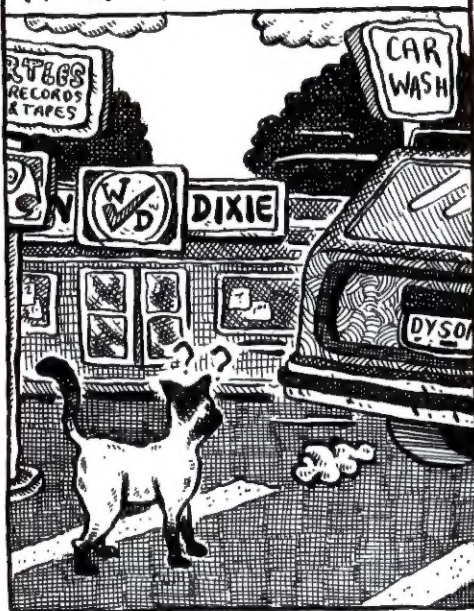
HE LEFT HER HIS SIAMESE
CAT TO REMEMBER HIM BY.



THREE WEEKS LATER

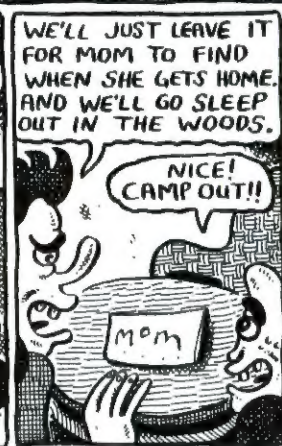
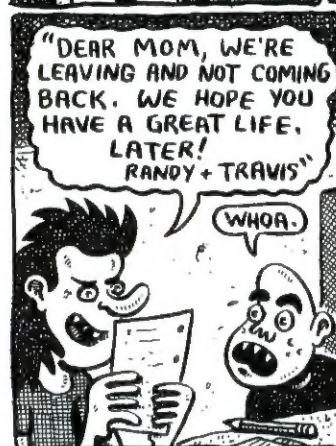
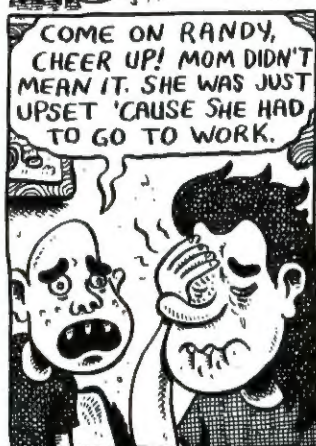


SHE TOLD ME TO DRIVE
ACROSS TOWN AND DUMP
IT IN A PARKING LOT.



RANDY & TRAVIS

"RUN RUN RUNAWAY"





FEMA TEENS



DOGGY STYLE

MY COLLEGE SWEET-HEART WANTED A DOG FOR HER BIRTHDAY. SO I WAS GOING TO GET HER ONE AT THE POUND.



HER BEST FRIEND, A HARDCORE SKINHEAD, WAS GOING TO HELP ME PICK IT OUT.



MINUTES BEFORE SHE ARRIVED AT MY PLACE I HAD AN ACCIDENT.



I QUICKLY JUMPED IN THE SHOWER.



AND WE SET OUT ON OUR MISSION.



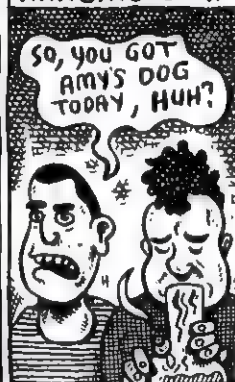
THE POUND WAS FULL OF DOGGIES



WE FOUND A PERFECT LITTLE LAB/PIT MIX.



WHEN I GOT BACK HOME, MY ROOMMATES WERE HANGING OUT.



UM.... WHY?



BECAUSE IT'S ALREADY SHIT ALL OVER THE CARPET!



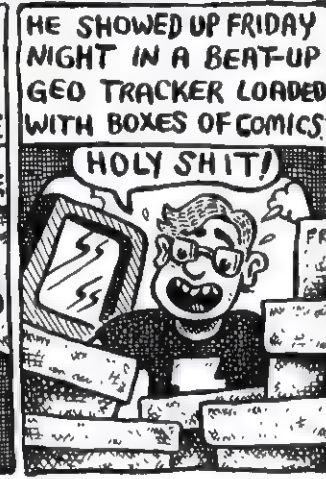
UHHHHH...



ANYWAY, AMY GOT THE DOG, WE BROKE UP, AND EVERYONE WAS HAPPY!



M. CLOUTIER



WE STAYED UP LATE
SMOKING CIGARETTES
AND TALKING ABOUT
THE GREATNESS
OF KEVIN SMITH.

I'VE ALREADY
SEEN AN ADVANCE
COPY OF MALLRATS.

Wow.

THE NEXT MORNING
WE HURRIED DOWN
TO THE CONVENTION
CENTER AND I HAPPILY
UNLOADED THE TRUCK.

ALTHOUGH ONCE WE
OPENED THE BOXES I
REALIZED HE WAS
SELLING NOTHING BUT
A BUNCH OF GARBAGE.



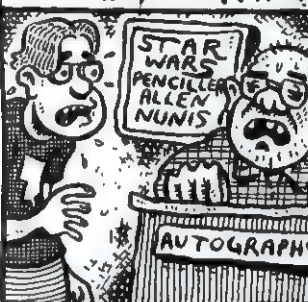
AND THE REST OF THE
CON WAS JUST AS ROUGH.
ATTENDANCE WAS BAD
AND I WAS TOO BROKE
TO DO ANY SHOPPING.

THE ONLY PEOPLE
WHO STOPPED BY OUR
BOOTH WERE OTHER
DEALERS SHANE KNEW
FROM FLEA MARKETS.

EVENTUALLY IT WAS
TIME FOR ME TO
CARRY EVERYTHING
BACK TO HIS TRUCK.

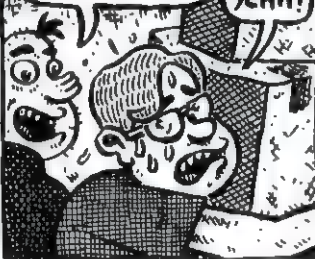
MAKE SURE YOU
GRAB ANYTHING
YOU WANT!

OH
YEAH?



WANNA' GO
SMOKE?

HELL
YEAH
MAN!

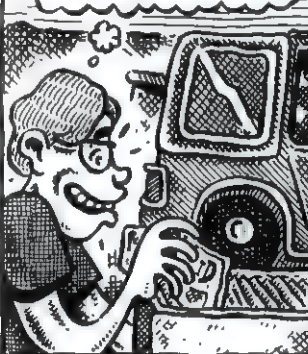


I GUESS THERE'S
SOME OK
STUFF IN HERE.

THEN, AS HE WAS
DROPPING ME OFF
AT MY MOM'S...

LOOKS LIKE YOU
FOUND ABOUT TWENTY
BUCKS WORTH.

YEAH

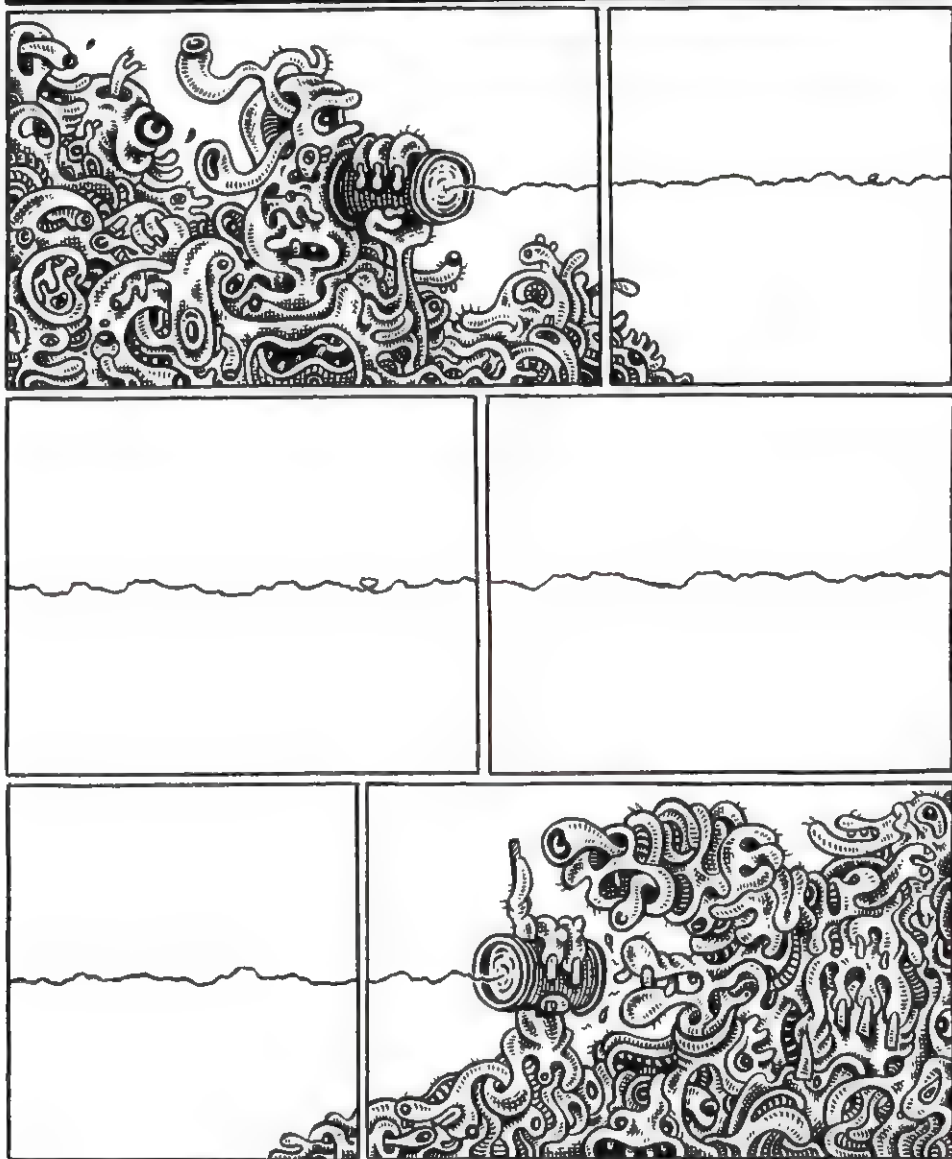


I TELL YOU WHAT,
I'LL GIVE 'EM TO YA'
FOR TEN DOLLARS!



I LOST TOUCH WITH
SHANE A FEW WEEKS LATER.

WHAT IS THE SOUND CARRIED BETWEEN TWO TIN CANS
STRUNG TOGETHER WITH A SEVENTEEN-FOOT PUBIC HAIR?



m.c.

WHEN I WAS SIX MY MOM
AND I WENT TO GO CHECK
ON OUR ALCOHOLIC NEIGHBOR.

WE KNOCKED FOR 30 MINUTES
BUT NO ONE ANSWERED.



TWENTY YEARS LATER
MOM... MOM! LISTEN TO ME. DO YOU
REMEMBER WHAT YOU MADE ME
PROMISE YOU WHEN I WAS A KID?





THAT'S RIGHT! ANDROS #6 (NOVEMBER 2013 ~ SMT-059) IS ENTIRELY MADE UP OF WORK PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED IN: MEATHI, NMSD#17, MUTANT FUNNIES, FREAK ZINE, PONY CLUB GALLERY, FLUKE '13, HORROR HANGOVER, DOG WALK DOG#2, TABLEGEDDON, CUSTARD RECORD, ODIUM #3, & THE HOLLOW EARTH RADIO ZINE. THANKS TO ALL THE RESPECTIVE EDITORS!

MORE AT: maxclotfelter.blogspot.com

